

# THE STRENUOUS LAD'S LIBRARY

NUMBER

2

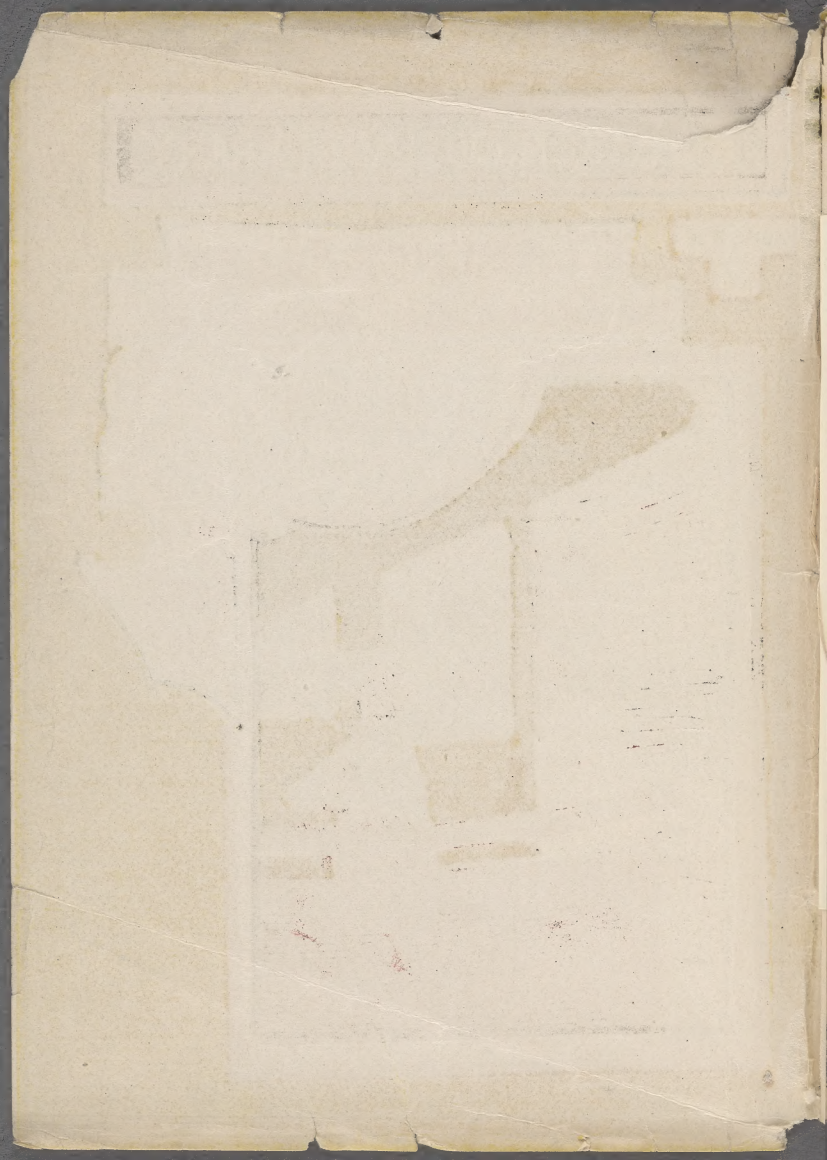
## CLARENCE ALLEN

### THE HYPNOTIC BOY JOURNALIST

OR  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
DISAPPEARANCE  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
GOVERNMENT  
BONDS

BY  
—  
GEORGE  
ADE  
—







*Presented by Ruth U. Samuel*

*In Honor of Her Father*

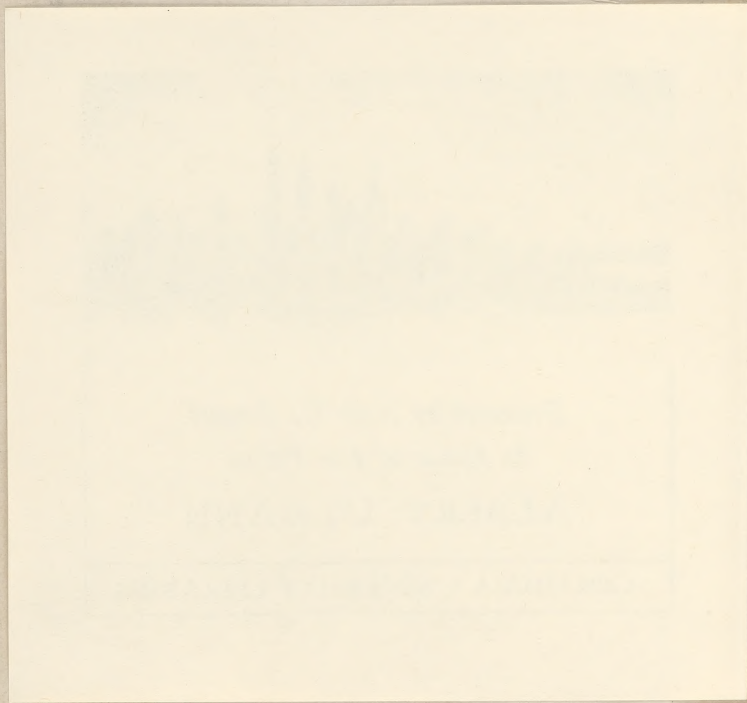
ALBERT ULMANN

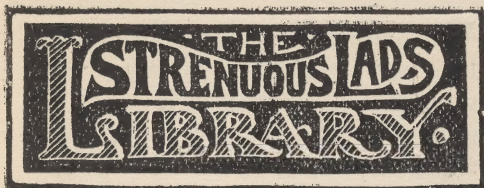
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

TO WORK.

It was in the office of the  
*Chicago Daily Beacon!* J.







**CLARENCE ALLEN**

**THE HYPNOTIC BOY JOURNALIST**

—: OR :—

**The Mysterious Disappearance of The  
United States Government  
Bonds**

**BY GEORGE ADE**

**AUTHOR OF "EDDIE PARKS, THE NEWSBOY  
DETECTIVE," ETC.**

*Copyright 1903 by George Ade. All rights reserved.*

**CHAPTER I.**

**TO WORK.**

**It was in the office of the  
Chicago Daily Beacon! J.**

Windsor Frost, the editor, sat in his palatial apartment, where the light fell softly through the stained - glass windows and the walls were tastefully decorated with articles of bric-a-brac and vertu.

J. Windsor Frost was a handsome man and a neat diamond flashed in his shirt front.

Suddenly he aroused himself and an expectant smile came to his face.

A manly youth of 12 years of age entered the room and stood facing the great editor. He had a strikingly handsome face and an eagle eye. On his breast glittered a star, indicating that he was a repre-

no. 2  
B812 A631 / 3 / 1903





"AH! YOU HAVE COME."

sentative of the press. A notebook and a well sharpened lead pencil protruded from his breast pocket.

This is our first view of Clarence Allen, the hypnotic boy journalist.

"Ah, you have come," said the great editor.

"Yes, Mr. Frost, I am always ready to answer the call of duty," said our hero, modestly.

Without further ado the great editor handed the following clipping to the boy journalist:

#### "GREAT EXCITEMENT.

"Our city was thrown into a fever of excitement last evening by the announcement that Erastus Hare, one



of our oldest and most respected citizen, had been robbed of \$37,000 worth of United States government bonds by some unknown miscreant. The culprit entered Mr. Hare's bedroom through a window and attacked our old friend and subscriber with a knife. Afterward he took the bonds and escaped. As we go to press he has not been caught. Little knots of men may be seen standing on the corners discussing the topic in low tones. Great excitement prevails."

"The item you have just read was printed in this morning's *Beacon*," said J. Windsor Frost. "This is the greatest criminal case that ever came under my observation. Can you find the thief?"

"I can," replied Clarence, and, drawing his notebook, he hastily made a few notes.

At that moment he heard a

suspicious noise outside the window. He ran to see what could have been the cause.

A masked man was rapidly descending to the ground by means of a rope.

They had been overheard.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FOOTPRINT.

After providing himself with a dark-lantern and other needful articles, Clarence Allen, the hypnotic boy journalist, summoned a carriage and was driven rapidly to the Hare mansion.

Here all was confusion.

Our hero took immediate charge of the premises and made a minute examination of the room in which the assault had taken place. He measured the bedstead, counted the pictures and cut a small





"I HAVE A GLEW."

strip out of the carpet. Afterward he went outside and examined the ground. Suddenly he saw a deep footprint in the soft earth.

"Aha!" said he.

Taking the necessary articles from his pocket, he made a plaster cast of the footprints.

"I have a clew," said he, and, drawing his notebook, he made a few notes.

At that moment a bullet whistled by his head!

## CHAPTER III.

### DESPERATE.

With Clarence Allen to think was to act.

When the deadly bullet sped by his head he knew that the thieves had recognized him as a representative of the press, probably because of the star on his coat.

Without further ado he rushed to a telephone and called up the office of the *Daily Beacon* and expressed a wish to converse with J. Windsor Frost, the great editor.

"Hello!"



"Hello?"

"Who is this?"

"This is J. Windsor Frost,  
the editor. And you?"

"I am Clarence Allen, the  
hypnotic boy journalist. I  
desire——"

But J. Windsor Frost heard  
no more.

The wire had been cut.

## CHAPTER IV.

### QUICK WORK.

What was our hero to do?

For a moment only he hesitated. Then he rushed to the window.

It was thirty feet to the ground below.

A trolley car was approaching.

"I have no time to spare," he exclaimed, and jumped to the pavement.

Leaping to the trolley car he pushed the motorman aside, and, seizing the crank, sent the car flying along the street



TWENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.



at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

The conductor of the car attempted to pull him away. With a well-directed blow our hero sent him flying.

Women passengers shrieked in terror and the street was in a panic.

Little cared Clarence Allen, the hypnotic boy journalist.

Suddenly applying the brake in front of the office of the *Daily Beacon*, he ran wildly into the office of J. Windsor Frost and showed him what he had written in his notebook.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the great editor. "And now what do you propose doing?"

Clarence's eyes flashed as  
he replied: "I am going to  
put the bloodhounds on the  
trail!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE STONE HOUSE.

The *Daily Beacon*, like all other great newspapers, had a pack of genuine Siberian bloodhounds, to be used for tracking criminals.

Our hero, after making out an expense account, selected two of the largest and fiercest bloodhounds and showed them the plaster cast of the foot-print which he had taken at the Hare residence.

The intelligent animals knew at a glance what was expected of them, and in a few





THE DOGS STOPPED.

moments they were on the scent, followed by our alert young hero, Clarence Allen, the hypnotic boy journalist, who carried a revolver tightly clenched in his right hand.

For nearly an hour no one spoke.

Then the dogs stopped in front of an old stone house.

"This is the place," said Clarence Allen, concealing himself to await developments.

After a moment he chanced to look around, and his blood froze in his veins.

Some one had stolen the dogs!

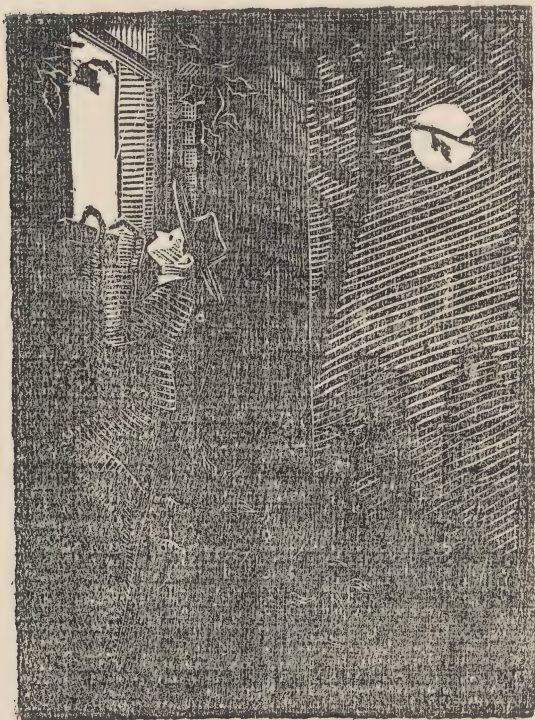
## CHAPTER VI.

### HYPNOTIZED.

It will be remembered that we left our hero concealed in the thicket.

He remained here for some time, and then, making sure that he had eluded his pursuers, he ventured forth and made a hasty examination of the old stone house,

It was a dark night and the wind rustled through the old elm trees.



"THEY ARE THERE."



Only one window was lighted, and it was on the second floor.

"They are there," said our hero, and, producing a coil of rope with a hook in the end of it, he made a fastening to the ledge of the second-story window and climbed up until he could peer in at the window.

Three bearded men were sitting at a table talking in hoarse tones. Our hero felt a thrill when he heard his own name mentioned.

"It is understood, then," said the leader, "that we

meet an hour from now at the blasted oak to divide the money."

"Tis well," said the other two.

"And then we will leave this country forever."

"Hold," cried a stentorian voice, and with a crashing of glass, Clarence Allen, the hypnotic boy journalist, leaped through the window and confronted them.

For a moment they were surprised, and then with fearful oaths they drew their weapons.

"Your time has come,"



THE RUFFIAN FELL BACKWARD.

snarled the leader of the gang.

Three revolvers were pointed straight at our intrepid young hero!

Could aught save him?

Clarence Allen did not flinch.

Gazing steadily at the leader of the band, he lifted his hands and moved them gently through the air.

The ruffian fell backward to the floor and the weapon dropped from his palsied hand.

Our hero turned quickly to the two other villains, who stood in mute surprise.



It was the work of a moment to put them under the hypnotic influence and take away their weapons.

"At last!" he said, and, taking out his book he made full notes of the proceedings.

## CHAPTER. VII.

### JUSTICE

Having hypnotized the villains, it was an easy task for our hero to learn from the leader of the band the hiding place of the stolen bonds. They were found under a loose tiling in the fireplace and returned to their owner, who speedily recovered from his injuries.

Little remains to be told.

The *Daily Beacon* printed

a half-column account, under glaring head-lines, of the capture of the desperadoes by the hypnotic boy journalist.

As for the thieves, they were promptly sent to prison on the testimony of our hero, who achieved a great reputation for his courageous conduct and who was soon after admitted to membership in the League of American Wheelmen, a distinction which few merit and a glory which few achieve.

THE END

*Pictures designed and cut  
on wood and book printed for*



*from worn type on a hand press  
at the office of "El Progreso,"  
Phoenix, A. T., by F. Holme.*

*Printed July and October,  
1903. 374 copies. This is  
No. 6*

*Next book, "Rollo Johnson,  
the Boy Inventor," or "The  
Demon Bicycle and its Dar-  
ing Rider," by George Ade,  
author of "Eddie Parks, the  
Newsboy Detective," is nearly  
ready.*



